One Huge Bed. One Tiny Couch.

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by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Hannibal and Will go to a sex dungeon looking for something new. What they find is a rude couple who decides to barge into their private room in the club. Hannibal finds this very rude, and Will decides to teach him a lesson by asking this couple to join in.

Kinktober Day 24: Threesome or Moresome

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Are you sure we won’t be interrupted here?” Will asks as he watches his beloved slide close the black velvet curtains of the supposedly private room. “This place isn’t exactly deserted. I’m shocked you agreed to come here.”

“You know how I hate to deny you anything.” Hannibal responds, taking a quick scan over the lacking sex room. The only thing that’s truly satisfactory, is the massive, clean, and plushy bed in the middle. It’s got to be larger than a California King, and it could easily fit a small group on it.

The rest of the equipment in the room is handheld, hung on the wall, instead of furniture. There’s a small couch pushed far against the wall, but that’s the extent of extra furniture. How unusual for a place that claims to be a sex dungeon. No sex furniture.

One huge bed. One tiny couch. That’s it.

Their at-home sex dungeon is better equipped than this place, and it’s one of the less developed rooms in the semi-permanent safe house.

“I had hoped this place would have more to offer,” Will admitted as he paced the walls looking at their hanging selection of BDSM equipment, and freshly cleaned toys. “We could’ve stayed home.”

“This is a new experience for the both of us,” Hannibal reassures, “Publicity is what this place has to offer. Others are all around us.”

“I would say publicity is about the last thing we need right now.” Will laughs, knowing it’s still a sore spot for the both of them. It’s been years since they disappeared, and it’s still hard to have to watch your back constantly.

But it’s also exciting.

Hannibal hums his agreement, and takes over where Will was looking when he moves along to inspect the bed.

He reaches down to feel the soft sheets, and he tugs on the headboard a few times. Hannibal notices, and stops his perusing of the selection available to them.

“What is it you’re considering, mylimasis?” His voice cuts through Will’s focus, and his eyes snap up to meet Hannibal’s. Will looks determined, and a little humored, like he knows Hannibal will give him what he wants, even before he asks.

“Bondage.” Will isn’t crass, shoving it out into the thick air between them. This wouldn’t be the first time they’ve played with restraint, and it isn’t anything far-out, so Hannibal is confused by that look in Will’s eyes.

Then, it clicks. Will’s body language cues him in greatly. Hannibal picks up the fresh, still plastic sealed rope from off the hook it hangs.

“You wish to restrain me.”

It’s not a whisper, but it’s testing. Hannibal hasn’t been restrained since the FBI put him into that straight jacket in the transport van. He doesn’t want the FBI’s restraint, but he’ll happily take Will Graham’s.

“In one of my early fantasies, you were hung up in a straight jacket on the Verger farm, exactly how you were that day you were first handed to Mason Verger..” Will confesses, “In another fantasy, I tethered you to a tree with rope. That was a gift from my empathy towards you, I’m certain.”

“It was. One of my first victims was strangled against a tree. He proved to be very helpful in finding more fresh meat.” Hannibal unwrapped the plastic constricting the new rope. The texture is familiar, not only to his past, but his present from the number of times he’s restrained sweet William with beautiful workings of rope.

Will watches from across the room, and it seems like his fingers itch to feel the rough material. When he holds his hand out, Hannibal obediently hands the rope over.

“I want you to undress. I’m going to restrain all four of your limbs, then I will fuck you.” Will undoes the first few feet of rope, and lets it hang between them. Hannibal, ever eager to please, doesn’t hesitate to strip all the way down to nude.

He lays out on the bed, and raises his hands obediently above his head. Will leans over the bed to give a quick kiss, hand exploring over Hannibal’s exposed torso.

The bullet wound on his abdomen has become so familiar to the both of them, that it almost seems impossible to imagine Hannibal without it. Will pays the spot extra attention, and since Hannibal’s nerves have finally started reattaching, he can feel Will’s fingers play over the raised flesh.

Will takes the left hand first, stroking over the long scar he finds adorned on his wrist. “I wish you had been there to witness Brown’s work.”

“I can see it when I close my eyes.” Will hums, demonstrating by closing both of his eyes as he makes his first few loops around Hannibal’s wrist. “You look vulnerable, but fearless. Can you still feel the noose around your neck?”

Hannibal allows his arm to relax when Will puts his final knot in place that allows for the restraint to properly hold him down.

“I can feel the bucket under my feet.” Hannibal admits, watching as Will moves on to his other wrist. “I had never seen Death so close since I was a boy. I saw him again on the cliff, but he seemed disinterested.”

“Has he accepted that you are too far out of reach?” Will wonders, tugging so the rope is snug enough to cause discomfort. He ties the final knot, and both of Hannibal’s arms are restrained.

“He’s accepted that it’s only you who can end my mortal life. You’ve taken his job.” Hannibal teases, tugging at his bindings to check Will’s knots. Even now, Will still creates lures to pass by slow Sundays, so it’s unsurprising that his knots are perfect.

Will is even quicker with the last two bindings than the first two, hands warmed up, and tying knots more efficiently than before. Hannibal is stuck, and he can’t think of anywhere else he would rather be.

Will strips his shirt, and following soon after, the rest of his clothing. He knows they’re out in public, but that doesn’t make him feel any more shy. He’s dealt with much bigger things.

Hannibal takes to stretching quickly, even with Will’s impatient fingers. He often adds more before it is time, but Hannibal doesn’t mind, and he enjoys the lick of pain it sends through his body.

Just as Will finishes prepping Hannibal’s body, they start to hear two voices. One sounds American, the other has a European accent.. both male, certainly.

It’s just when their voices come into a more understandable realm, that the curtain gets yanked open.

The obviously younger male seems startled, but unsurprised at the scene. The other male is too preoccupied to notice, or just doesn’t care.

The older one hoists up the younger man, and carries him over to the couch. The curly haired one opens his mouth to speak, but his words are quickly stolen when he’s pulled down for a breathtaking kiss.

Will watches them, and Hannibal seems off put by the show of rude behavior. It’s a public place, but the polite thing to do… would’ve been to ask.

The younger male seems to use all of his strength to push back against the older one smothering him from above. “D-Duncan! Why don’t we go find an unoccupied room?”

The older, Duncan, still doesn’t seem to care. He glances over with his single eye towards Hannibal and Will, before he turns his attention back towards the complaining brunette.

Will also doesn’t care enough to ask them to leave, and he turns his attention back to Hannibal. He slicks up his cock, and shoves right into Hannibal’s stretched hole.

Hannibal furrows his eyebrows as Will pounds into him. Will can immediately tell what’s bothering him, and doesn’t feel the need to ruin such a good night with two fresh bodies.

“Behave.” Will growls, giving a few sharper thrusts that make Hannibal’s teeth show as he vocalizes. It seems like that sets Hannibal straight, and he focuses on Will entirely.

That is, until the young brunette lets out a sound of pleasure. The sound reminds Hannibal of their presence, and their offense. Will can tell the second that his lover is fixated on them.

Will stops his trusts so he can turn away from Hannibal, and towards the two men stripping on the tiny couch. “My husband needs to learn a lesson on sharing. Would you two like to join us on the bed?”

When Will looks back towards Hannibal, it seems like his gaze alone might send all of them to the grave. If he wasn’t restrained, Will isn’t certain that Duncan and the younger one would still be alive.

“Can we?” The younger one asks Duncan, and he must’ve given some nod of confirmation, because a second later, they’re headed towards the bed.

The younger one has a few condoms in his hand, and is inspecting the both of them with interest. Duncan is just behind him, analyzing not what is happening, but what has happened to Hannibal and Will.

He sees Will’s bullet scarred shoulders, and the two wounds on his face. The one he’s most fixated on, though, would be the smile across his abdomen. The analyzing gaze shifts to Hannibal’s body, which he finds is much less scar ridden, and visibly in better shape.

Duncan leans over to whisper in the younger one’s ear, “Aiden, give me one of your condoms.” The younger one, Aiden, tears one off of the chain and hands it over.

Duncan doesn’t hesitate to unzip his pants and pull himself out. He pumps himself a few times, pulling back his foreskin so his tip can peek out.

Will slides back into Hannibal’s body, but his attention doesn’t shift off of Duncan, curious as to what he’s going to do. Hannibal watches just as intensely, which doesn’t surprise any of them. He’s by far the most vulnerable in this situation.

Duncan pulls on the condom, and looks down at Hannibal’s face for the first time since performing his analyzing once-over. It’s a shock when Duncan’s thumb presses against Hannibal’s lips.

“Careful, he bites.” Will huffs out as he fucks into Hannibal’s ass, his hips stuttering with his changing attention.

“I’m sure he does.” Duncan replies, and shoves his thumb past Hannibal’s teeth, forcing him to open up.

Fuck, does this random older guy know who they are? What if this is the day they’re finally caught?

Will tries to calm himself. Not everything about biting could be a reference to Hannibal’s cannibalism, surely. Maybe Duncan is just referring to the fact that Hannibal looks pissed the fuck off.

Duncan sticks his hips out, and allows his latex covered dick to pass through Hannibal’s pried open lips. Once Duncan removes his thumb, Hannibal takes to opening his jaw on his own, accepting the large dick into his mouth.

Will is pleased by this, and gives him a few more steady thrusts, hand coming down to give his beloved a few strokes. Hannibal's hips stutter at the touch to his cock, and Will gets an idea.

"Hey, Aiden." Will recalls the brunette's name. This young man looks a lot like Will when he was a young adult. He momentarily wonders if Hannibal will look like Duncan when he ages a few years more. "Could we get another one of your condoms?"

Aiden hands one over, and before Will tears it open, he asks, "That is, if you're not opposed to riding my husband."

Hannibal's eyebrows furrow just enough for Will to notice, and he gives a rough tug on his cock. "I doubt he'd be happy to watch you fuck me, so this seems like an ideal compromise."

Aiden doesn't seem to be opposed to either idea, but he replies, "Yeah, I think riding is okay."

Duncan lets out a huff, but it doesn't sound angry or possessive. Will looks up to analyze the expression on Duncan's face, and finds not much of one. The glint in his eye though, tells Will enough to know he's enjoying watching Hannibal suck his cock.

"There's lube just behind me, can you get it?" Will asks as he leans forward to continue fucking into Hannibal. He's trying to make it easier for the brunette to find the bottle.

This position, however, angles Will's thrusts away from Hannibal's prostate. He hears no protest from Hannibal, but the way his body relaxes tells him that he feels the loss.

Aiden doesn't seem to go for the lube, and instead takes the condom from Will's fingers. He rips it open, and slips it over Hannibal's flushed and leaking cock. With the condom on, Aiden won't get any of the natural lubricant Hannibal produces plenty of.

The young man climbs onto the bed, and straddles Hannibal's chest gracefully. He leans down so his face is right in line with Hannibal's dick. His hole flashes towards both Hannibal, and Duncan. They both can't help but stare at it.

"Will you check that I'm still ready, Duncan?" Aiden asks his partner, not hesitating to wait for a reply before he sinks his open mouth down onto Hannibal's cock.

This causes Hannibal back to arch and a momentary stutter in his consistent bobbing on Duncan's cock. Will nearly gleams with satisfaction. This is a much more pleasant way to deal with a rude interruption than what Hannibal was certainly planning.

Aiden swallows down all that he can of Hannibal, and spreads his thighs so his cock rubs against Hannibal's chest hair. Duncan uses two fingers to test Aiden's hole, and he finds that it hasn't tightened much since they stretched him at home. He slips in a third, then a fourth just to be sure.

Aiden allows Duncan to keep finger fucking him as he makes sure Hannibal will be nice and slick for him. He's producing lots of saliva with his lips stretched wide, so it doesn't take long.

He pulls off panting, and meets Will's eyes. Aiden doesn't need any encouragement, and moves so Duncan's fingers slide out of his stretched hole. He flips himself around, and starts to sink down on Hannibal slow enough to cause impatience.

Hannibal groans when Aiden finally sits all the way down on his cock. That whole time, Will never faltered in his thrusts, and to compensate for Aiden's presence, he had to lean back.

Now, Hannibal's prostate is being pounded, and Aiden's hips are getting more confident with the way Hannibal's body is moving under him, nearly fucking up into him.

Duncan feels how Hannibal's attention shifts, and takes the authority to stop Hannibal's movements entirely. He holds onto Hannibal's head with both hands, and starts slow when he fucks into his mouth.

Aiden seems to really like watching Duncan fuck Hannibal's mouth, and he slams himself more enthusiastically onto Hannibal's cock… also like he's trying to match the pace that Duncan is throat fucking Hannibal.

Will gets to watch all three of them, and he has to admit it's one of the hottest things he's seen. He slams into Hannibal hard enough to nearly dismount Aiden from his cock. Hannibal's groan is audible, and it's obvious it's taking real effort to not use his teeth around Duncan's massive cock.

Aiden is quickly teetering, and all three of them can tell, because his sounds echo around the room. He threads his fingers through Hannibal's chest hair, and he nearly cries when his prostate is pounded into each time he forces himself down.

Will reaches around Aiden's body, jerking him off like he might do to himself. He's quick, and he doesn't waste time doing anything fancy. Just a few quick strokes, and the young man is coming all over Hannibal's stomach, and his own body.

Aiden is panting, but he keeps moving, his abdomen tensing as his body starts to tell him that it's overstimulated. Hannibal opens his thighs even more, now tilting his hips so Will can pound down into him, and Aiden gets to do less work.

Duncan loves to see Aiden in pleasure, but watching his pain is even more of a thrill. He fucks into Hannibal's mouth as he watches his young lover's face contort into one of restrained agony. He brings one of his hands down to fondle with his testicles, and he pulls Hannibal down onto his dick now, instead of bucking into his mouth.

This makes Hannibal's throat tighten even further, and Duncan can't help but moan at how perfectly his muscles squeeze around his tip. Aiden could never take him this deep, and he's sure that this retrained stranger doesn't have a gag reflex.

Hannibal pulls against his restraints unconsciously when Will starts fucking him so hard that their skin starts to make harsh slapping sounds. His dick is being squeezed in a vice-like grip inside Aiden, and it's bordering on painful.

Will's muscles are cramping, but he doesn't care, because he's so damn close. It's not often he gets to have Hannibal so helpless, and it's never before that he's had others help him make a wreck out of him.

Aiden stops moving entirely, deciding it may be less painful to just sit where he's encasing Hannibal, and it doesn't make it any less pleasurable for the older man.

If anything, it allows him to take a breath and realize just how nice it feels to have the tight cavity squeeze around him while his other holes are fucked. Duncan's cock in his mouth is nearly making him drool, and Will's pounding is making that familiar knot in his stomach come alive.

Will moans like he does when he's close, and Hannibal wishes they could kiss while he cums. But with Duncan in his mouth, and Aiden in the middle of their bodies, there's no chance.

Hannibal's breathing becomes more sporadic when Duncan starts thrusting again. It only takes a moment more before there's an absence in his wide open mouth, and semen filling the condom encasing Duncan's dick.

He came with a low groan, and Aiden seemed to give his own pained whine in return. All the moving inside of the young man seems to have made him come again, dirtying Hannibal's torso even more.

The squeezing on his cock with this new orgasm, combined with the abuse on his prostate, brings out his own orgasm. He falls over the edge with a moan that makes Aiden blush. His semen gets trapped in his condom, and warms Aiden's body even further.

Will is the only one who hasn't come, but Hannibal can feel he's close. He works his hips with his beloved, and just a few more seconds of it has Will coming with a slur of basic swears.

Will's semen is hot inside of Hannibal's ass, and he enjoys it for just a moment before a majority of it comes tricking out his hole following Will's absence. Duncan finally moves from his post at the head of the bed to help Aiden off of Hannibal's now softening dick.

Duncan strips off his own condom, and kindly takes off Hannibal's as well, given that the well fucked man can't with his hands bound.

There's a trash can in every room in this place, and this one is no exception. Duncan throws them away while Will gets to work cleaning off Hannibal's chest. Aiden allows Will to clean him off as well, and that's when Will comments on his silver cross necklace.

Hannibal stays bound, and Will joins him on the bed. He pets through Hannibal's messy hair as the older man relaxes more into the plush mattress. Aiden starts to get his clothes back on, and Will feels a deep sense of satisfaction.

These two were a lot of fun, and they helped ruin Hannibal so thoroughly that now, he can barely keep his eyes open. If they were a normal couple, Will would certainly ask if they'd want to exchange numbers to meet up and do something similar again, but they aren't.

Duncan wipes the dried tears off of Aiden's face, and places a single kiss to his damp curls as they exit the room via the black curtain. Will wonders if they come here often and if they might be able to find them again.

Hannibal is completely worn out, but Will knows he shouldn't leave him tied up for much longer. He could leave him all night and allow him to enjoy the feeling of restraint through the night, but it's best to get home and do aftercare in their comfortable home.

Will pushes back Hannibal's messy hair so he can kiss his temples. He even kisses the small scar atop one of his high cheekbones. Will listens to Hannibal's steady breathing for a few minutes more before he finally decides, "I'm going to untie you now."

"Were you giving them a head start?" Hannibal dares to ask. He opens his eyes slowly to watch Will take his first binding down. He's slow when he moves Hannibal's arm, conscious of how it may cause pain.

"Maybe subconsciously. We fucked you so good, though, that I don't think you'd be able to hunt them both." Will jokes.

A beat of silence, then he's speaking again, "They were both dangerous. Duncan more than Aiden. I think Duncan knew who we were."

"Let's hope we don't have to chase after them afterall, then." Hannibal rolls out his wrist when Will finally lets the rope fall undone.

"If we do see them again, let's hope it's for round two, not a fight to the death." Will moves on to the other wrist. It only takes him a few minutes and Hannibal is free and stretching his limbs.

The bed is all kinds of undone now, and uncharacteristically, Hannibal leaves it just as is.

"I would've never thought you'd be into a foursome with another couple." Hannibal admits once he starts climbing back into his clothing.

"Me? No, you're the one who I would've never thought would be into it. I was worried you were going to bite off Duncan's dick." Will laughed.

"You know I prefer cooked meat." Hannibal smirks, glancing up at Will as he ties his shoes.

"Thank you for indulging me." Will breaks the humor they had going to make way for more intimate conversation. "We don't have to do it again, this once was good."

"Just good? I think that's the hardest you've come since the first time we had sex." Hannibal arched a single brow, skeptical that Will enjoyed the presence of others more than he was letting on.

"You're too possessive to allow that to happen again. If you weren't restrained, I know you would've tried to snap their necks." Will laughed, "So, I'll just enjoy this experience as a one-off."

Hannibal doesn’t confirm nor deny, and that tells Will all that he needs to know.

Will’s exactly fucking right.

End Notes

This was my first time writing a foursome! Most I've done is three. I don't think I did terribly! Let me know what you think!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!